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EDITORIAL

We wave a sad goodbye to Sasha this month, one of our most popular regular girls ever. You love her, as the stacks of post we get for her each months attests, but she's just taking a brief time out on modelling. Hopefully she'll be back in her perfect home in the future, but in the meanwhile let us know who you'd like to see as a regular girl in her place. We've got a Sasha-sized hole to fill (ahem), so we need your help... ♣

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40 YEARS OF CLUB

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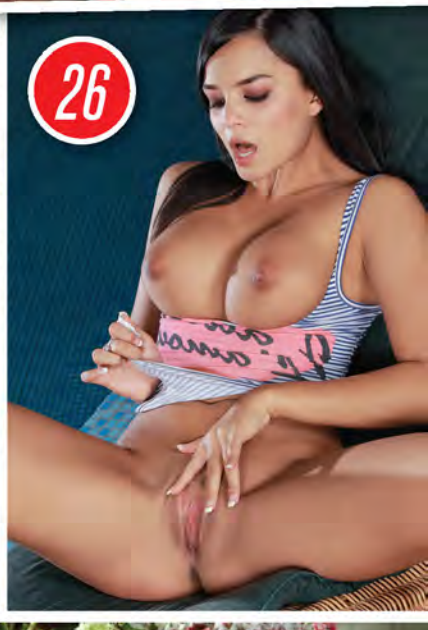


"I'VE SHAVED JUST FOR YOU!"

LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
Well, I finally did it. I finally did something worth writing a letter to you about, and what a something it was! I'm what you'd call a tit man; of the many women I've fucked, most of them have had sublime boobs. I'm just powerless to resist when it comes to the big guns wobbling in front of my face, you know? Naturally, the fact that I'm a moderately good-looking bloke helps when it comes to scoring quality boobage.

Well, I recently won a holiday to Cancun, which is party central. I got ten days there, all expenses paid, and I really got my money's worth! Toward the end of my stay, I met a couple of girls at the beach, and, well, we hooked up, the three of us. We went back to my room – which was more like a suite! – and got it on.

These girls were very hot, both blessed in the boob department and tanned, and when their bikinis came off, I saw they must have been sunbathing elsewhere too, because they had no tan lines anywhere! Then they made my life complete by kissing each other, deep, and proceeded to put on quite a show for me. Cassie took the lead, she was the one with the marginally bigger tits. She ran her hands all over her Ellie's bod, and licked, nibbled and sucked everything she could get her mouth on. It was so hot! Cassie got her share of attention too, of course. She wasn't giving orders or anything, and Ellie clearly knew her way around a woman's body too.

After a good ten minutes of this, with me trying desperately not to go off in my shorts as I watched, Cassie turned to me and asked if I wanted to see something really sexy. I said, "Uh, yeah!"

With that, she whipped a fucking great strap-on out of her bag and poured some lube on it, stroking it like a real cock before pulling it on. Ellie pushed her arse up in the air and got ready to take a healthy load.

This was beyond fucking sexy now, watching these two gorgeous babes go at it. Ellie was moaning and pushing back onto the fake cock, while Cassie was enjoying making her friend squirm and also, I think, getting some pleasure from the pressure of the strap-on being forced back toward her twat. They really knew what they were doing. I knew I couldn't have been the first to have witnessed this, and I wouldn't be the last – but so what? How many chances do you get to do this in your life?

Ellie spoke next, looking over at me and the huge bulge in my shorts and asking if I was just going to fucking stand there or what. Well, I slipped a condom on my aching tool, and joined the fray. Climbing onto the bed, I gave each of those four tits a good lick, suck and squeeze (it would have been rude not to) while the girls got their hands on my balls and cock, giving the whole package a good fondle. They didn't miss a stroke though, and Ellie continued to get fucked hard.

Look at the sheen on that!

CHARLIE'S IN CHARGE!

Dear Club,
How lucky is Charlie Sheen? Rich and famous isn't enough for him, he's also done all the drugs in the world and on top of that is knee deep in top fanny. It's a shame that Capri had such a bad experience with him – I'd show a girl like that a much better time, and she wouldn't be hiding in the cupboard when I was finished with her.
Ray, Essex

We're glad to hear that Ray. Seriously. Capri really is one of the cutest pieces of arse we've seen in the last few years, and we're happy to see that she's put all that drama behind her and is now back doing what she does best – showing us her pink bits.

SASHA DISPEL?

Dear Club,
So, is it true? Is my beloved Sasha no longer to rule over *Club International*? Gutted. She's my favourite glamour girl right now, and although I bought *Club* before she found a regular home in it, I've got to say I'll miss her. I don't want to get all 'death row' on you, but is there any chance of a reprieve?
Marcus, Middlesbrough

We're sad to say it is true. We haven't fallen out of love with Sasha – in fact, we've got stacks of unfulfilled ideas for photoshoots we'd love to do with her – but she's taking a bit of time out to start a family, so for obvious reasons we can't shoot her at the moment! We're hoping that the girl we've been proud to publish every month will make comeback with a splash once she's ready!

It took a little coordination to be fucking Cassie while she fucked Ellie, but we eventually found our rhythm, and we all got to cum in the end. Ellie climaxed first, bucking on Cassie's fuckstick as she fingered her own clit and Cassie hung on to her big, bouncing titties; when she came she licked and sucked her own juices off the strap-on. Then she pulled it off Cassie so she could lick her flaps and clit while I banged her gash but good. While I fucked Cassie doggie-style, I made sure to get great handfuls of her gorgeous guns, one in each hand, so I could feel them jiggling each time I banged into her, up to my nuts. She squealed as she squirmed on my cock. She fucking loved it, and I loved giving it to her. I reached around to give her clit a rub too, but found she was already on it, with Ellie licking all around her pussy-hole and my balls. How fucking hot?

Cassie came pretty quick all in all, and I followed not to quickly afterward, dropping my payload right across both of them to round off what was, in retrospect, the best fucking day in the history of the planet, period.
Martin, Daventry ♣

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

REAR WE GO! ♣

Marry Queen kickstarts our anal appeal...

If you look closely at the internets, or in your local mucky DVD emporium, you might be lucky enough to see Marry here doing some very rude things. And we don't mean sticking the V's up at old age pensioners. No, Marry is getting a bit of a reputation as an 'anal specialist' in the adult film world, which we think might be the best possible use of that amazing arse of hers. If only all people who were told they had a nice bum – we mean you, Middleton – thought, 'Oh, that's nice. I'd better go and make some films where I get fucked in it then.' After all, it's not as if we're asking for the moon on a stick. We merely want every woman with an amazing arse to allow penises to enter it. That's all... ♣

MARRY

Club's Rough Guide

When he's not watching *Pointless* or shouting at traffic, Matt Loxham can be found scouring the sporting calendar for forthcoming events of note. This is what he's come up with this month...

Tennis – ATP Tour Finals – London, November 20th – 27th

Although the four big Grand Slams are generally considered to be by far the most important fixtures on the tennis calendar, the prestigious ATP Tour Finals - or the men's end of season shootout, to be more precise - is the one all the best blokes ultimately aspire to be involved in, as only the top eight male racqueteers in the world rankings are invited to take part.

If a player finds himself on court at the 02 Arena in mid-November with 17,500 fans cheering him on then the chances are that he's had a pretty good season on the circuit. It's also likely that he'll be relaxed, in fairly good nick and want to end the year on a high, three factors that help make the ATP Tour Finals a competitive and entertaining affair.

While the women's version, the WTA Championships, will have taken place in Istanbul by the time this magazine goes to press, the men's shebang is still to play, and the event should provide a thrilling climax to what has been a fascinating 2011, a year that has seen a fading Federer and a injury-hit Nadal playing second-fiddle to the dominance of Serbia's Novak Djokovic, who has won three Grand Slams and countless other minor shindigs this season and risen to world number one in the process.

Rather than being a straightforward knock-out tournament, the eight players are drawn into two groups of four and must play each other once in a round-robin format, with the top pair in each section progressing to the semi-finals. The result is a sequence of show-stopping clashes, and it's no surprise, considering the participants, that this championship has witnessed some legendary matches over the years.

The tournament, then called the Masters Grand Prix, was first held in Tokyo in 1970. For

the record, Stan Smith beat Rod Laver in the deciding match, a final which served as a marker for the top-notch tussles to come. As the event hopped from Paris to Boston to Barcelona, the Romanian Ilie Nastase dominated, and when it settled down in New York crowds were treated to classic games between the likes of Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Bjorg, John Mcenroe and Ivan Lendl.

During the late 80s and throughout the 90s, Boris Becker won the title – by then renamed as the ATP Tour World Championships - three times and Pete Sampras five. In the noughties, Roger Federer took over, eventually matching Sampras' record when he beat Nadal, who has never won the tournament, in the final last year.

If everything runs to form, the currently pretty much unbeatable Djokovic should be adding to the ATP Tour Finals victory he claimed back in 2008, although a certain Brit who is currently ending the season on a massive high, Andy Murray, might be out to poop the Serbian's party in front of his – sort of – home crowd. Nadal, who has had a patchy 2011 by his standards, and the 'on the slide' Roger Federer, might well be looking forward to hanging up their racquets for the winter break. But whatever happens, the ATP Tour Finals will see a week of top class tennis. Ideal if you like that kind of thing.

Club Predicts:
Winner – Novak Djokovic
Runner Up – Andy Murray

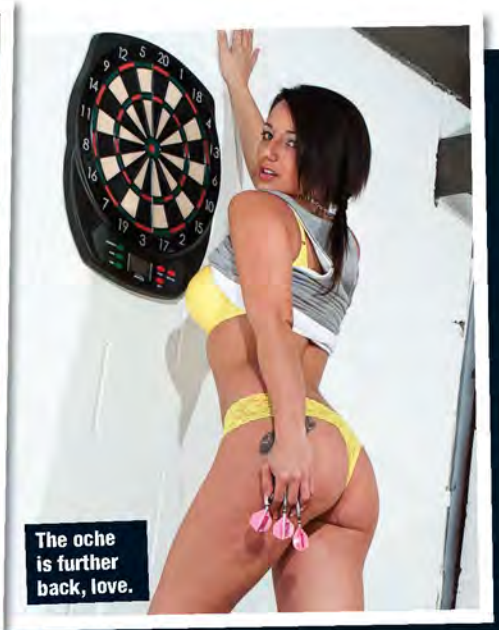
Darts – Grand Slam – Wolverhampton November 12th – 20th

A week before the best players in men's tennis meet up to thrash it out at the 02 Arena, the crème de la crème of darts will be going tungsten to tungsten at Wolverhampton's Civic Hall in a competition that is arguably as big as gets when it comes to chucking arrows.

Why? Well, because it's one of the few events that pits the top players from each of the sport's two separate governing bodies – the British Darts Organisation (BDO) and the Professional Darts Corporation (PDC) – head-to-head, an unusual scenario that naturally makes for some clashes that are rarely, if ever, seen anywhere else in the professional game. Honestly, why can't they just kiss and make up?

Introduced to the calendar in 2007, the Grand Slam of Darts features 32 of the best arrow throwers from the collective darting fraternity. They're drawn

Anyone for penis?


The oche is further back, love.

into groups of four and, just like the tennis, each play each other once on a round-robin basis, with the top two in each section qualifying for the knockout

stages. From then on it's winner takes all.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the PDCs Phil 'The Power' Taylor has dominated this feast of oche action from the outset, winning the first three 'Slams with relative ease, as he pretty much won everything else in living memory. Even if you take away the might of Taylor, most fans still accept that the PDC has much more strength in depth than its rival body – mostly because nearly all of the decent players from the BDO end up switching to the more lucrative PDC – but the BDO still boasts its fair share of decent dartsmen. This was proven last year when Scott Waites upset the odds to win, battling back from eight legs to nil down to beat the PDCs James Wade in the final 16-12.

This year, as BDO world number one Martin 'Wolfie' Adams continues to reject invitations to compete, Scott Waites will again be their best chance of claiming the title, although rising star Dean Winstanley could be a dark horse. On the PDC side you can pretty much take your pick from a long list of talented throwers, but a back on song Phil Taylor will be the one to beat, with his protégé Adrian Lewis a potential finalist and James Wade always worth a flutter. Grab a tinny, perhaps make yourself a banner to hold, sit back, enjoy.

Club Predicts:
Winner – Phil Taylor
Runner Up – Scott Waites

Euro 2012 Play-Offs – Various Venues – November

With the qualifying proper for Euro 2012 having reached its climax, attention now turns to the eight teams that finished second in their groups and who must now fight for their place in Poland and Ukraine in the dreaded lottery of the play-offs. Most of the high profile countries, including Spain, Italy, France and – ahem – England, have already made it through, but several big guns still remain without a guaranteed berth at Euro 2012. One such team is Portugal, who must get past Bosnia and Herzegovina over two legs. Easy peasy, you might think, but in last year's World Cup play-offs the Portuguese only narrowly edged out the Bosnians 2-0 in a very tense encounter.

Two sides who you might also have expected to qualify automatically for Euro 2012 are Turkey and Croatia. However, one won't even make it at all as the pair go head to head in what promises to be the pick of the bunch. Croatia are still bristling after the Turks somewhat fortuitously knocked them out of Euro 2008 on penalties, and their coach Slaven Bilic has already come out and said that his men are looking for revenge.

The once great but now fairly average Czech Republic take on the emerging force of Montenegro, who looked like they might topple England for much of the main qualifying campaign and who will be approaching this one with optimism, and last but definitely not least, the Republic of Ireland will be aiming to end a 24 year absence at the Euros by ending Estonia's tournament aspirations.

Qualification for the Irish would go some way to healing the wounds caused by the Thierry Henry's handballed goal that cruelly put pay to the Republic's World Cup hopes in that play-off last year. Expect thrills, spills, heartbreak and heroes, as the last four places at Euro 2012 are decided.

Club Predicts:
To Qualify – Republic of Ireland, Montenegro, Portugal and Croatia.

> **"BDO world number one Martin 'Wolfie' Adams continues to reject invitations to compete"**

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Fuck Dr. Fox, watch these foxes fuck...

RATINGS: ★ FORESKIN ★★ FORTRAN ★★★ FOREPLAY ★★★★ FORBIDDEN ★★★★★ FORNICATION

Forbidden
(Adam & Eve)

This is a cast so effortlessly fit that even if they didn't have sex – even if, in fact, they were all just stood still and wearing snoods – we'd still be able to get off our rocks off to them. There are two Alexii – Ford and Texas, the sultry Kiara Diane, Teagan Presley, Briana Blair and Ash Hollywood – not a duffer amongst them. The sex is relatively standard but, just to reiterate, we'd lose a left ball to watch this lot dry hump for 90 minutes, so this is not a problem. Pretty girls, pretty sex, pretty, pretty good.

★★★★

Preach to the Perverted
(Harmony)

Another dark and dirty vision from Tanya Hyde, *Preach to the Perverted* is a pitch-perfect blend of European and British stars. Michelle Moist adds to her growing rep with a display of raw carnality as she and comeback girl Suzie Best share a dick. Long-serving but still lush Karina Currie swings both ways – and her eyes will melt your dick – while petite Euro bombshell Liza Del Sierra is another winner as she gives up the arse. No duff scenes, all dirty girls, all big dicks. What did you expect?

★★★★

Big Boobs Power 3
(Private)

Private seem to be resting on their laurels on the DVD front at the moment – gone are the big budget hits of yesteryear. But while they're waiting out the global recession, their frequent Best Of... releases allow us an always pleasant trip down mammary lane. With Laura Lion, Jane Darling, Rita Faltoyano, Monique Covet and the inesti-mable Michelle Wild (getting DP'd here in a classic) all dug out of the vaults, this is a surefire stroker from first frame to last and deserving of the full 5 stars. But let's hope they start discovering the legends of tomorrow soon.

★★★★★

PHOTOS: VLT

A BIT NIPPY!

Nikita & Blue Angel share their darling buds...

You've got to think that the photographer's main reason for getting Nikita and Blue Angel together – other than the fact they're blisteringly fit – is that between them they own the four puffiest nipples on the planet.

Not since Traci Lords have we witnessed such suckable puffy nippiness, and it appears both girls have long wondered what their own taste like, so long do they spend sucking each other's swollen pair.

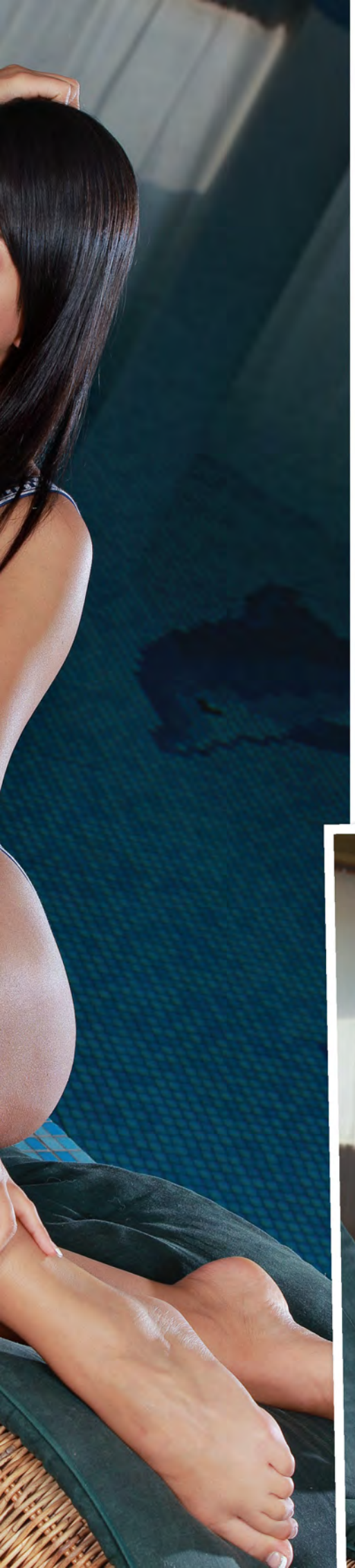
Of course, these are *Club* girls, so they're an inquisitive pair and soon they're wondering if each other's pussy lips are equally puffy too. As you do... ♣

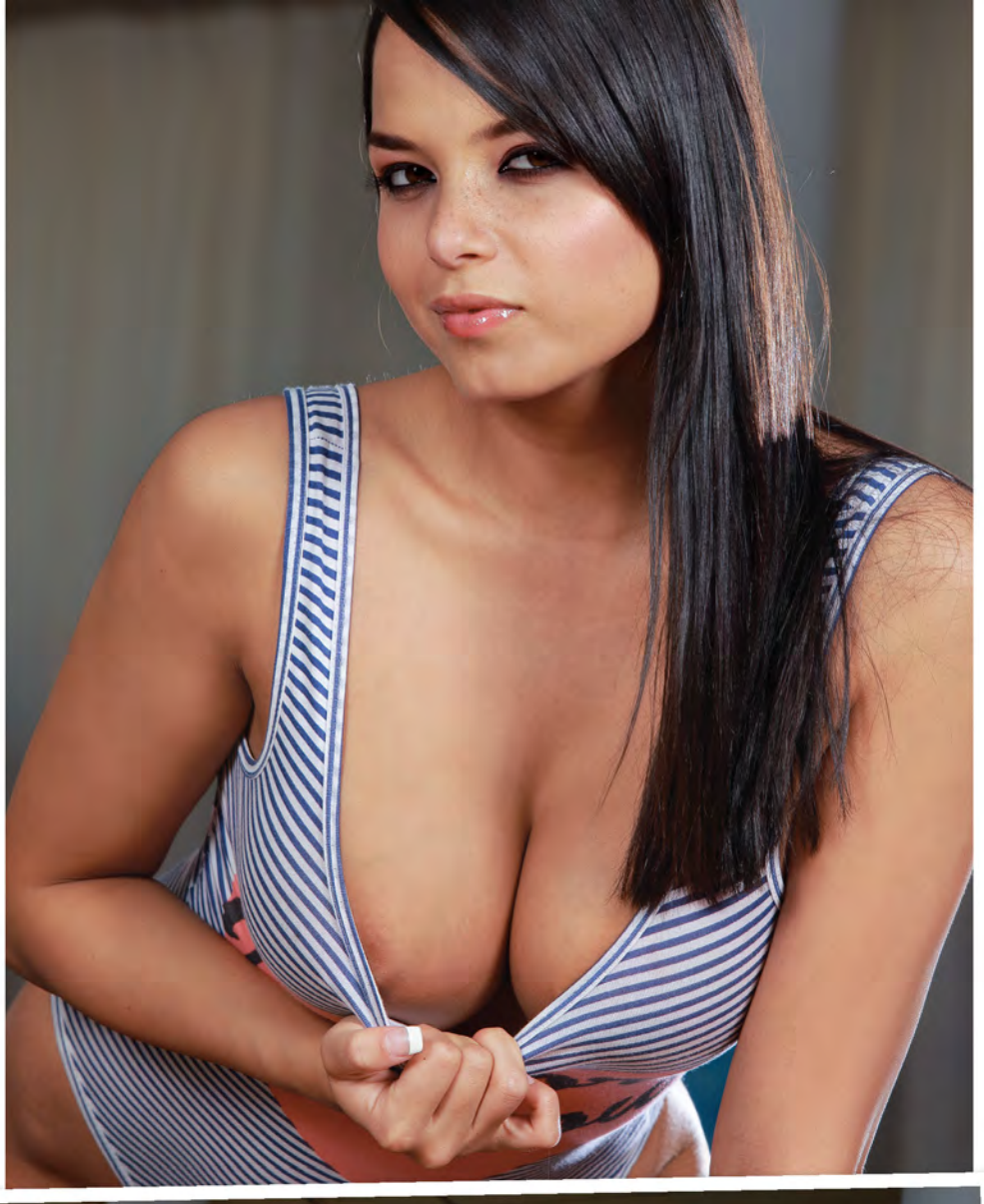
EuroCave

NIKITA & BLUE ANGEL

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!





Well, boys, this is the last hurrah for me. I'm sorry and sad to go after such a great time being *Club*'s regular girl, but I've decided to start a family, so I'm taking a little time out of modelling. Don't rule out a comeback!

I'd like to thank you for your hundreds of amazing letters – some funny, some sexy, some just bizarre, but all of them very special to me. It's no lie to tell you that dozens of them have been coated in my pussy juices as I've finger-fucked myself while reading some of the filthier ones. You *Club* readers have got incredible imaginations! I've learned a few tricks from some of you, and while I'd like to say thanks to each and every one of you, I'd like to say a really big thank you to my most regular correspondents. You know who you are, but you don't know how many great wanks you've given me. Love to you all, Sasha. XXX ♣

Dear Sasha

After visiting Oktoberfest in Munich, we were pleasantly surrounded by loads of girls in 'Dirndls (German dress). My mate and I both agreed how amazing it would be to see you in (and out!) of a Dirndl. You would make two dirty young men very happy. Not creeping here, but you are the hottest chick in *Club* ever and we are your biggest fans. PS. It would be great if you were carrying some beers as well, cheers!
Dave and Andy, Coventry

Well, boys, I'm not sure my grandad fought in the war so I could wear German dresses but, seriously, that's a great idea. Shame it's too late for me to do at the moment, but if I ever come back to Club, I can see that happening. My nipples both covered in beer froth that you two blow off before sucking them clean, mmmmmmm...

Dear Sasha

I've not written for a little while because I'm sure that you're fed up with my letters, but I'd just like to leap to your defence. I hope that there are no plans just yet to replace you as the *Club* girl. Your wonderful face and body is worth the cover price of Club and I'm hoping you might slip into one or two sexy outfits before Xmas.
J, Notts.

I could never get fed up of your letters, J, and I've still got every one! I haven't been replaced (how could I be?, she said modestly!), I've just decided to take a break for a while to start a family. The Editor says the door is always open to me to return, mostly because he'll miss 'perving over me'. What a charmer! ♣

Sasha's Secrets
SASHA

club's kit bag

For use in a riot near you...

Apple Mac Mini 2011

Blackberry Bold 9900

Dell XPS 15z

Apple Mac Mini 2011

£530

www.apple.com

RIP Steve Jobs, who changed the way we live in so many ways. And he can't be held in any way responsible for the geeks who relentlessly champion Apple's every fart. Even the eggy ones. The latest Mac Mini 2011 isn't a fart, of course, although you won't be able to do all that much with it if you opt for the entry level version. You'll also need to buy peripherals if you want to use a CD – yes, it has no CD drive – and there are numerous features to make you embrace cloud computing. If you don't need a top-end Mac, then this is a lovely computer but, personally, you should only use Macs if you're a designer/video editor anyway, in which case this won't cut the mustard. If you're not one of those, why aren't you using a PC?

Pros: Looks the business, as always. Excellent processing speed.

Cons: Not a lot of features for the money.

Blackberry Bold 9900

£500

www.uk.blackberry.com

As we write this, Blackberry is in the news for its European servers crashing for a couple of days, which is probably long enough to lose them a few thousand customers. It's also been in the news for being somewhat unfairly blamed by the media as a perfect way for rioters to contact each other. How to counteract this bad press? With one of its best phones yet. The keyboard has been widened, meaning the best phone for emailing has just got even better. There's a touchscreen as well, although it's nothing to write home about. Slim but practical, for those who aren't consumed by the need for largely pointless apps, this is a top phone.

Pros: A pleasure to type on in comparison to most phones.

Cons: Touchscreen is only so-so.

Dell XPS 15z

From £1199

www.dell.co.uk

It must gall PC and laptop manufacturers that their products often outstrip Apple's in terms of processing power and memory at similar pricepoints, but just don't have the cool to become loved items.

The Dell XPS 15Z can punch its weight with Macbooks that cost more than it does, what with it's lovely Intel Core i7 Sandy Bridge processor, 8GB ram and fat-ass hard drive. And it's not a clunky beast either – in weight and appearance its not a million miles from a lovely Macbook. Only it doesn't have the all important apple on the top.

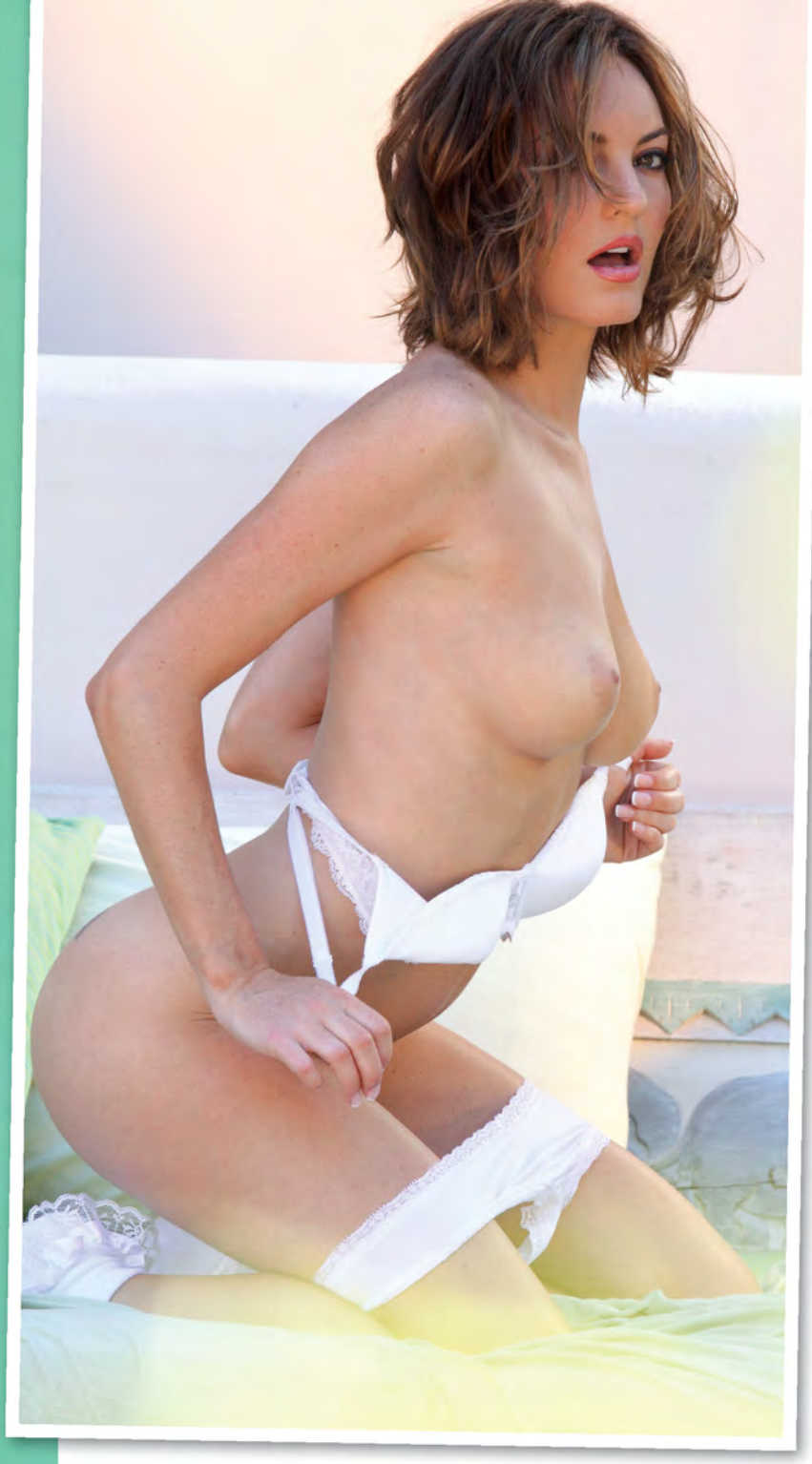
Pros: Even the basic model specs match the best Macbooks.

Cons: Some screen reflection problems. ♣

PHOTOS: HICKS PHOTO

DAKOTA FANNYING!

Dakota socks it to us...



Without wishing in any way to insult the stunning Dakota and the brilliant camerawork of the legendary Hicks, there's something about this photoset that screams '1980's' to us. And not the 1980's in a bad Margaret Thatcher, Arthur Scargill kind of way. No, we mean the 1980's in a 'formative porn' way, the lighting reminding us of the glamour legends of the decade with their big bushes discovered by us discarded in, er, big bushes.

It's mostly the socks, however. You couldn't move in the 1980's for girls wearing little but socks and a smile. It makes us come over all *Electric Blue*.♣

DAKOTA

POPSHOT CULTURE!

JOIN DROOLING HAIRY-PALMED PORNO-GEEK MATT SANDERS AS HE TRAWLS THROUGH THE WORLD WIDE WEB OF FILTH THAT IS T'INTERNET...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 16 – Dolly Buster

Born Nora Dvoráková in Prague, 1969, Dolly Buster became synonymous with porn in Germany throughout the 80s and 90s, acting in, directing and producing hundreds of badly-dubbed smut films that those of us of a certain age will fondly remember wanking to third-generation VHS copies of (that we found under our dad's beds). With her blonde hair and big boobs, she was a sensation in the porn world, and a pioneering star who made a fortune from her business savvy.

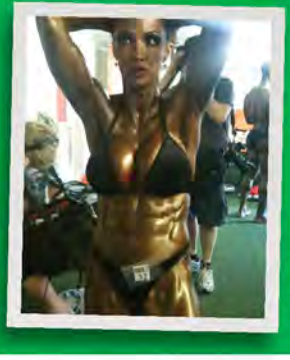
After quitting fucking on film, Dolly stayed in the public eye, appearing on the German version of *I'm A Celebrity, Get Me Out Of Here*, and returning to her Czech homeland to run for parliament (sadly only getting 0.71% of the votes). She now lives in West Germany with her hubbie, and dabbles in life-drawing and writing, having penned a series of detective novels. She's clearly had a little (okay, a lot) of work done, so we wouldn't be surprised to see her chug on a cock on film again in the future. She's the kinda fräulein that doesn't know

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Jodie Marsh

Now, usually this column focuses on women who, though no fault of their own, have gotten a bit older than they used to be and lost their good looks, which does seem mightily unfair but fuck it, since when was life fair? However, this month's entry is just 32-years-of-age and arguably in peak physical condition. A little TOO peak, one might say. Yes, after a few years of doing fuck all (after what felt like a decade of seeing her mush and tits all over the shop) Jodie Marsh recently made headlines again with her new musclewoman physique, appearing in the Natural Physique Association (NPA) Mike Williams Classic and Pro-Am Bodybuilding Championships. Our eyes were out on stalks (and not in a good way) when we saw her über-toned, über-bronzed body take the stage, looking like a cross between the Hulk and an Oscar statuette. Still, the almost unrecognisable one-time glamour model seems genuinely happy with her new chosen profession. But I've got to admit: I probably wouldn't. Looks like it would hurt.



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NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

JUST LIKE JESSE JANE'S

Yep, finally you can experience the closest you'll ever get to putting your penis inside the anus and mouth of hugely popular porn vixen Jesse Jane, with the new Fleshlight model, which has been very accurately detailed on her intimate areas. "Jesse Jane's Mouth starts with a moderately tight opening and finishes with intense stimulation with Fleshlight's Super Ribbed texture," says the press release, going on to say, "For Jesse Jane's Butt comes Forbidden, the most realistic anal intercourse experience in existence." We're not gonna argue with that, especially when Jesse herself says, "Now you guys can choose which part of me you want to pleasure yourselves with. It's such a great product." Find out more at *www.fleshlight.com*, you disgusting perverts.

TUPAC TO THE SMOO-TURE

Even in death, famed rapper Tupac Shakur (RIP) is causing a stir with recent news of a leaked sex tape in which the late hip-hop legend walks into a living room full of groupies "with his pants down to his ankles... pulls one of the women toward him, and she begins performing oral sex. As she does her thing, an unreleased song of Tupac's is playing in the background, as Tupac is singing along and dancing, wiggling his hips" according to celebrity goss website TMZ. At the time of going to press, no-one's sure if the tape is real or, even if it is if it will ever see the light of day (for legal reasons) but we can't help but think this one should be laid to rest, like its star.

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

God, Krissy Lynn is fit. If there were such a thing as a Fit-O-Meter, with 0 representing "not fit at all, really" and 100 representing "god, she's so fit my balls just came off thinking about her toenails" then she'd definitely score a 98 or a 99. She's got big boobs, she's blonde, she's well perky, and she's a smutty little vixen on top of it all. Following her on Twitter is super-fun, as she's equally likely to blurt out semi-philosophical theories on how the world works as she is to post pictures of her peachy butt, or of her kissing her pet parrot. And her advice to female porn stars shooting anal scenes is second to none. Let's have a squizz at some of her recent twitterings:

"I was waving hello to a guy & wasn't watching where I was going & smacked my face into a pole. Ouch! Started bleeding. Uuugh! Now swollen."

"It's rare for just the right conditions to be present to create life in this universe. I am so thankful for my presence here on Earth."

"It's been 2 hours since I got botox. It's starting to paralyze my forhead now. This is so cool! Ya! Hahaha!"

"I need to take my sexual frustrations out on someone. That's exactly what I am going to do. I feel like a tiger right now"

Follow Krissy at *www.twitter.com/KrissyLynnxxx* and tell her @popshotculture sent you. Cos I fancy her. I really do.

Top Five...

Pornstars Over The Age of 30

Which MILF gets your dick a-diggling?

5: Julia Ann (age 41)
Big tits, big hair, big smile, she's like a glorious throwback to 80s porn, and she'd have just been old enough to make some in the dayglo decade too. Still fucking up a storm in a porn film near you, probably as we speak.

4: Gina Lynn (age 37)
A proper porno celeb (she recently appeared in an Eminem video, as well as TV show *Entourage*), Gina has got a few miles under her chassis, but still looks shit hot.

3: Jessica Jaymes (age 32)
Born in the 70s, gorgeous, appeared in TV show *Weeds*, and Hustler Honey of The Year in 2008, Jessica is someone I can confidently say we'd ALL like to fuck.

2: Lisa Ann (age 39)
MILF Performer of the Year at this year's XBIZ Awards, Lisa is all tits, thighs and lips, and her parody portrayals of Sarah Palin in recent years have created her a HUGE fanbase.

1: Tera Patrick (age 34)
She's the most famous active porn star (since Jenna Jameson retired) and is still going strong, producing, directing and occasionally slurping on cock for the camera. We salute her!

PRICKIPEDIA

Special "ilia" edition!

Siderodromophilia is arousal due to riding in trains (which is more commonly known as 'trainspurting')

Anasteemaphilia is attraction to a person due to a difference in height (not sure if that applies to short-arses or giants)

Crematistophilia is arousal due to being charged for sex (luckily, they have a certain kind of woman for that kind of thing)

Formicophila is enjoyment of the use of insects for sexual purposes (really? I mean, seriously? Do I have to share a planet with these people? Sigh) ♣

PHOTOS: SAGE STYLE

PICK NIC'!

Nicole, a blanket, a Scotch egg. Perfect...

Cutie Nicole has the kind of classic American girl-next-door looks that you can't put a price on. One problem: she's Canadian.

"Yeah, I'm from Vancouver," reveals the 20-year-old, "and trust me it kicks America's ass."

If there are more girls like you there, we'll take your word for it.

"Well, I've got a twin sister, so I suppose there definitely is at least one more girl like me there. Although, actually, she's my opposite. She's really shy and dresses real conservatively. Me? I'm a party girl and the stuff I'm showing you right now shows I'm not one to hide my goods."

So you won't mind if we van-couver your pictures then?

"Ugh. That's awful." ♣

INTERNATIONAL
club

NICOLE

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Claudia **AGE:** 19
FAVE SEX: Doggy Style
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Cute and quiet, but a tiger in bed!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
An ex-boyfriend of mine showed me a mag during foreplay and it had Sasha in it. I fell in love with her straight away!

SO YOU'RE BISEXUAL?
Well, that was the first I knew about it. I'd always just been into boys before then.

AND HAVE YOU DABBLED?
No, not yet. I've just had a wank to Sasha's pics and a few other *Club* babes as well.

SO YOU'RE STICKING TO DICK?
I'm not even getting any of that at the moment – that boyfriend didn't want to go out with a lesbian. He must be mad – most blokes would be happy if I offered him a threesome with me and a girlfriend.

THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM.
Tell me about it. Now I've been in *Club*, I could even live my dream and bring Sasha home one day! ♣

CLAUDIA

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

LINGERIE LUST!

After many years having to make-do, I'm now in the fortunate position of being able to afford a few of life's little luxuries. One of these is fine lingerie, and luckily my husband and I share a similar passion for expensive Italian lace and silk underwear. I buy this from a boutique some distance from where I live, but it's worth the travel for the personal shopping service that they provide, to ensure that you get what you want. Last month I rang Kirstie the boutique owner as usual, and asked for an appointment to try some new styles that she had told me had arrived from the continent.

On the day of my appointment I arrived mid-morning, and as usual the boutique was apparently closed – on personal shopping days they close to the general public in order to give you their full attention. I rang the bell, and after a few moments the door was opened by a young woman who was simply gorgeous. Not model-perfect beautiful by any means, but ever-so pretty in a cute, girly sort of way. She was wearing just a little make-up and no jewellery at all, with the brightest adornment being her perfectly manicured short nails, painted a vibrant red. She had long blonde hair held back from her face by a hair-band, and the sweetest smile, which she flashed as she beckoned me inside and introduced herself as Francoise, my personal shopper. With a name like Francoise, I might have expected a French accent, but there was no trace of one – she explained that her mother was French, but she had been raised in England.

Francoise led me through to the fitting area. I could see that Francoise had quite a figure in the light black dress that she was wearing, with hips where a woman should have hips, and the sort of rear that men love, but you rarely see on models. She even had a cute little woman's tummy, showing as a small bulge under her dress, just below where her belly button would be. She may have had a pretty-girl face, but her hot bod was clearly all-woman, and combined with her cute looks it was sexy as hell.

A range of the styles that I had asked to see were laid out ready on a couch. Francoise offered me a drink, and as I sipped at it asked me what I wanted to try

first. I suggested a red silk bra and panties set that I'd had my eye on, which she picked from the couch and handed to me. I stepped behind the changing screen, slipped out of my light clothing and into the red silk, and stepped back out to look at myself in the mirror. "Oh, that looks so pretty on you," Francoise said, and I have to admit it did look rather good. "Do you have this in the blue?" I asked. "Only the panties," she replied, "The bras haven't come in yet". I said that I'd like to see the panties, so Francoise selected them from the couch. Then, to my amazement, she proceeded to slip the straps of her dress from her shoulders, and let it slip to the floor. She stepped out of it and bent to pick it up and fold it over the back of a chair, revealing as she did so that she was wearing a tiny lace thong with matching padded bra in emerald green, plus black hold-up stockings with a deep lace top – it was a stunningly sexy look.

I was even more amazed when Francoise slipped her thumbs into the waist of her thong, and pushed it down past her knees and stepped out of it, all of this in full sight of me and without the slightest trace of embarrassment. Whether it was her French upbringing that made her so comfortable being naked in front of another woman, or the fact that she worked in a lingerie boutique, I don't know. But she seemed totally at ease as she slipped the blue silk panties on and pulled them up, and whilst I tried not to look too obviously, I could see as she did so that she had a narrow strip of short dark hair running up the middle of her pussy mound.

> **"She took my nipple between her lips, sucking on it. My pussy was on fire"**

Francoise stepped over to the mirror to stand next to me and allow me to compare the blue that she was wearing with the red that I had on. "This doesn't look quite right," she said, and as she reached behind her and unhooked her bra I realised that she meant the blue silk panties with the green lace bra. She slipped out of her bra, still without even the merest hint of bashfulness, and we looked at each other's reflections in the full-length mirror in front of us. Francoise had the prettiest pair of boobs you could imagine, with little pink nipples peeking out from a darker surround. "34B – lovely," I heard myself say out loud, before realising that my mouth was speaking what my brain had been thinking. Francoise just turned to me and flashed that girly smile. "Very good," she said "You should do my job".

I'm still not quite sure what happened next, whether she leaned towards me or I leaned towards her. But whichever of us initiated it, a few moments later we were kissing, and I felt her hands on my waist pulling me close. My boobs pressed in to hers through the silk bra that I was still wearing, as I felt Francoise ever-so-gently push her tongue forwards to lick at my lips, and then on in to my mouth. The sensation of being kissed by another girl, particularly one as cute as Francoise, nearly had me cumming in those silk panties there and then. I could certainly feel the wetness spreading between my legs.

Francoise stepped away from me, turned and bent to carefully move the remaining lingerie off the couch and on to the chair, giving me a quite stunning view of her rear in the blue panties as she did so. If her bum had looked sexy through her dress, with only the light covering of the silk panties it was perfection. She turned and took my hand in hers, leading me to the couch and gently sitting me down, before stepping behind me and unhooking the red silk bra, pushing the straps from my shoulders and then removing it from me. She took a cushion from the couch and placed it on the floor in front of me. Kneeling on it, she looked up and said "34DD – lovely," echoing my own remarks about her of a few moments ago. I knew, of course, that she already had my size from our trying-on session, but even so it felt somehow sexy to hear her say it out loud, as though she had mentally felt the heaviness of my boobs compared to her own.

I have quite large nipples, and when I'm aroused they get hard very quickly. I was very aroused now, as Francoise leaned forward, held my left boob and took my nipple between her lips, sucking lightly on it then running her tongue in a slow circle around it. By now my pussy felt like it was on fire, and I

could feel that the silk of the panties that I was wearing was soaked through with the wetness that was seeping from between my legs. "I want to taste you," I whispered to Francoise. She just let my nipple slip from her mouth, looked up at me with that sweet girly smile of hers, and said, "Of course," like it was the most natural request in the world. She stood up, then took my hands and helped me to my feet. She slipped out of the blue panties, and turned to take my place on the couch, revealing as she did so a small but perfect blue and green tattoo of a butterfly at the top of her left butt cheek.

Francoise draped one leg over the arm of the couch and placed the other on the seat beside her, exposing herself fully to me as I knelt on the cushion in front of her. Despite her open legs, her pussy looked as neat as could be, with the two outer lips free from any hair and almost completely hiding her inner lips, which just peeked-out from between them, joining at the top to cover her little clit.

I dipped my head forward between her legs, and gently teased her inner lips open with the tip of my tongue, before darting it forward into her wetness. I was rewarded with a taste as lovely as any I had ever experienced – a mixture of sweetness and musk in my mouth, that felt as rich to my taste buds as a fine wine. I probed her deeply with my tongue for a few moments longer, then traced upwards, Francoise giving a little sigh as I arrived at her little clit and took it between my lips. I sucked lightly, and felt her bud swell and harden in my mouth, a fresh rush of wetness oozing from her on to my chin as I did so. Dipping my head down again, I licked hungrily at this latest outpouring, savouring once more the flavour of it on my tongue.

Francoise had moved one of her hands to her own clit, and was rubbing it gently with the tip of one of her red-coated fingers, whilst with her other hand she was caressing her breasts. The skill with which she was manipulating her little button made it clear to me that this was not the first time that she had got herself off in this way. With one of my own fingers, I explored the wetness between her legs, feeling it slip into her warm entrance with ease and be encased in her velvety pussy. I added a second finger, which slipped inside her just as easily, and moved them together against her pussy walls. Continuing to circle her clit with one hand, Francoise took her other hand from her breast, and reached down to take hold of my wrist, pulling my fingers gently out of her. Still holding my wrist, she guided my hand up to her mouth, where she very slowly licked all around each of the fingers that had been inside her, before taking them both in to her mouth and sucking them, savouring the taste of her own pussy almost as much as I had.

> **"I heard the vibe hum then felt it nudge between my pussy lips from behind"**

When she had sucked all her juice from my fingers, she guided them back down between her legs, but instead of re-positioning them at her pussy, she lifted one of her legs up to allow access, and pressed my fingers to her tightest dark hole behind, pushing at them with her own fingers to leave me in little doubt what she wanted. I duly obliged, circling her rim a few times with my finger-tip, then dipping it inside, using the wetness that had run down from between her legs to ease its passage in to her most intimate place.

Francoise's breathing was becoming more ragged, and the action of her finger on her clit was becoming more frantic, so I leant forward once more, took it back between my lips, and started a rhythmic sucking action whilst circling it with my tongue. My nose was

pressed into her pussy mound above, but the little strip of hair there felt feather-soft against my skin, and I continued to work at her clit with my lips and tongue for all I was worth. This was more than Francoise could take, and with a deep shuddering sigh she orgasmed, her tight muscles clamping around my finger inside her like a vise as she did so, and a fresh gush of her sweet nectar rushing forth from her, coating my face with her juice even as I frantically lapped it up. I looked up at her, and she flashed that cute girly smile at me again, and sighed, "Mmm, that was lovely. Now it's your turn."

Francoise bent down to her handbag, took something from it, then stood and walked back towards me. As she approached, I could see that in her hand was a mini rabbit vibrator, no more than about four inches long, with the characteristic ears pointing forward from about a third of the way along the shaft. I have several full-size rabbit vibrators of my own at home – they are my favourite type of toy, and always get me off – but I'd never seen a mini one like this before.

As she reached me she bent down again to deliver another kiss on my lips, probing my mouth with her tongue, then moved behind me and slowly pulled the red silk panties down to my knees. I heard the vibe start to hum as she switched it on, then felt it nudge between my pussy lips from behind, and Francoise slowly but firmly easing it into me.

I was so wet from what had already happened that it slid in without difficulty, and I felt the rabbit ears reach my clitoris, one on either side, delivering a surprisingly powerful sensation for such a small toy. Francoise reached forward from behind me, took one of my boobs in her free hand, and supporting the weight of it in her palm began to gently caress it, letting her fingers flick over my hard erect nipple as she did so.

I had been pretty close to cumming just watching Francoise walk towards me, so with the vibrating rabbit ears firm against my clit, the small but buzzing toy filling my wet sex, and Francoise teasing my sensitive nipple with her fingers; it was only a minute or two before I could feel the tell-tale signs of my orgasm building. Francoise seemed to sense this too, as she bent her head down and delivered a long slow lick from where the vibe entered me from behind, upwards between my bum cheeks, her tongue then flicking back and forth over my most intimate and sensitive hole. This was all it took to push me over the edge, and the pressure that had been building within me suddenly erupted as I felt a gush of liquid from between my legs splash out, soaking the panties still around my knees, and I experienced what was certainly the most intense orgasm of my life. I reached back between my legs to push the vibe away from my clit, which always gets super-sensitive after I've cum and can't stand anything near it, then slumped forward over the edge of the couch, completely spent by the power of the orgasm that I had just experienced.

Francoise rested behind me, the cheek of her face laying against the cheek of my bottom, and we were both silent for a few minutes, the only sound being the buzzing of the vibe that had slipped from my pussy. Then I felt her stir and switch the rabbit off. She gave me a little kiss on the small of my back, just above my bum, and playfully cupping one of my buttocks in her hand she said, "That was lovely. I guess I'd better get these panties rinsed out before I wrap them for you, then we can see what else you fancy." But I think that we both knew now what it was that I fancied…

Jo, Coventry ♣

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RATINGS: ★ TOUCHING CLOTH ★★ THE GENTLE TOUCH ★★★ TOUCH OF FROST ★★★★ TOUCHDOWN ★★★★★ TOUCH OF EVIL

Straw Dogs

(FremantleMedia Enterprises, DVD £15.99, Blu-ray £17.99)

Let's put aside pointless remakes, and controversy over that scene and get down to basics – Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* should be remembered for Dustin Hoffman's towering central performance. He excels as the meek pacifist mathematician David Sumner, forced into action when his relocation to his girlfriend Amy's (Susan George) English rural hometown goes horribly wrong. It's a siege film, but it's much more than that, a forensic look at the fissures in a relationship tested by history and past flirtations. Yes, that scene is horrible. Yes, this film is brilliant.

★★★★

Fremantle have given us two Blu-rays of Straw Dogs to give away. Simply email the name of Hoffman's co-star in Midnight Cowboy to clubint@paulraymond.com or write to the usual address.

Mother's Day

(Studiocanal, DVD £15.99, Blu-ray £19.99)

If you're a certain kind of delicate soul, the news that a film has been helmed by the director of *Saw II*, *III* and *IV* (Darren Lynn Bousman) fills you with dread. And not the good kind of dread. Happily, *Mother's Day* is vastly superior to those torture porn staples. Rebecca De Mornay stars as the titular mother, matriarch of a family of bank robbers who take hostages at a party after a bungled bank robbery. She's cold, calculating and will do anything for her boys. It's tense, nasty and De Mornay and Jaime King lend some class to a nice little potboiler.

★★★

Studiocanal have generously furnished us with 3 copies of Mother's Day to give away. Email clubint@paulraymond.com for a chance to win one or write to the usual address.

The Exterminator
(Arrow Video, Blu-ray £24.99)

This reviewer grew up in the 80's working in his dad's video shop, where this was a fixture on the shelves. It's very much a product of its time, an era when vigilante movies were ten-a-penny. Robert Ginty stars as John Eastland, a Vietnam vet who has returned to a New York he no longer recognises. His best friend Mike is paralysed by thugs and Eastland springs into action. As always, with Arrow's releases, there are extras galore, making this an essential throwback purchase.

★★★★

Cop yourself one of 3 Blu-rays by emailing your name and address to clubint@paulraymond.com or write to the usual address.

Deadly Blessing
(Arrow Video, DVD £15.99)

An overlooked early effort from Wes Craven, this followed on the heels of *The Last House on the Left* and *The Hills Have Eyes*. It does offer clues to later Craven films like *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, combining grisly moments with more subtle horror. It's a heady mix with a cult, a giant spider, Sharon Stone before she showed the world her vagina and rum performances from Ernest Borgnine and Michael Berryman. Ripe for rediscovery.

★★★

Arrow have given us 3 DVD's of Deadly Blessing. Email clubint@paulraymond.com with your details for a chance of winning one.

Silent Running
(Eureka Entertainment Ltd, Blu-ray, £19.99)

Douglas Trumbull was only 29 when he delivered this estimable entry into the sci-fi canon, three years after his valuable work on Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Bruce Dern is Freeman Lowell, a botanist manning Valley Forge, a giant greenhouse orbiting an earth where plant life is extinct. He dreams of returning to earth to help refoliate it, but when he's told to destroy his work, he rebels. It's classic sci-fi (those amazing robots), it's an early environmental appeal, and Dern's towering central performance is the source from which all else here grows.

★★★★

Touch of Evil
(Eureka Entertainment Ltd, Blu-ray, £22.99)

Like many of Orson Welles' films – the criminally misused *The Magnificent Ambersons*, for example – *Touch of Evil* was recut by the studio in a way of which he did not approve. Blu-ray viewers here have the option to view all three versions – the preview version, theatrical version and a 1998 reconstruction based on a memo written by Welles. Whichever you choose, you'll be in for a great experience, as this is one of the finest achievements of Welles' mercurial career. Sweaty, tense, with bravura camerawork, lighting and bold performances (from Janet Leigh, Charlton Heston and Marlene Dietrich), and almost without sympathy, this is genius at work.

★★★★★

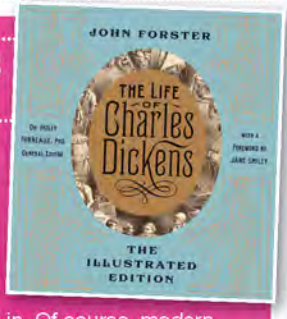
book club

Not for the top shelf...

How to Write Comics
Stan Lee (Watson-Guptill, £17.99)

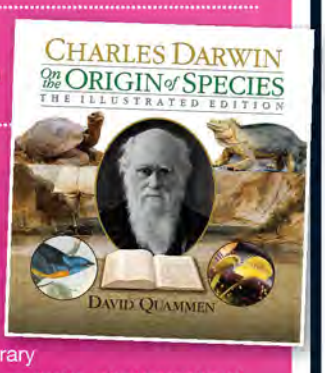
Stan 'The Man' Lee is synonymous with comics. After all, you don't create The Incredible Hulk, The X-Men, Spider-Man, Iron Man, The Fantastic Four and more besides without leaving a legacy. And when he's not popping up in cameos in the huge movies based on the franchises he created, he's helping the next generation of hopeful comic creatives with books like this. Packed with nuggets of hard-earned information and illustrations to drive home the points, this tackles such issues as character, narrative, continuity, what editors want, how to collaborate effectively with an artist and other essential lessons. If anyone knows, Stan knows.

The Life of Charles Dickens
John Forster (Sterling, £30.00)



John Forster was much more than Dickens' first biographer – he was his close friend, his confidant and eventually his literary executor. So it's unsurprising that the story of his life as told by Forster is full of gaps that subsequent biographers like Peter Ackroyd and Claire Tomalin have filled in. Of course, modern biographies jostle for attention by claiming to shed some fresh light on their subject – and the more controversial the better – but Forster was still prepared to tell some tales that Dickens' contemporary readers will have been shocked by. This abridged and lavishly illustrated and annotated edition of Forster is a treat, even if its scholarship has been superceded. Here, you truly get a sense of the man.

On the Origin of Species
The Illustrated Edition – Charles Darwin
(Sterling, £16.99)



Darwin's game changer can be a little intimidating for the average reader. While fascinating, it can be dry and technical at times. This edition is much more approachable, superbly edited and beautifully illustrated. The judiciously chosen illustrations are fantastic, ranging from Darwin's own sketches to contemporary cartoon attacks on Darwin and his theory, portraits, photographs of animals and much more besides. Along with excerpts from his letters, autobiography and *The Voyage of the Beagle*, it helps to put Darwin's bold work in context, and allows you to follow his theory's own evolution.

The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

December 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS

SNOW PATROL

Fallen Empires (Polydor)

Is your Mrs one of those that refuses bum sex? Gagging to get your brown wings? Well, play the romantic card and cook her a slap up meal, lose those inhibitions with a bottle of wine, and introduce this album for the ultimate seduction. Then test the water by sticking a finger up; if she's ok with that, its anal action all the way.

VA

Annie Mac Presents 2011 (Island)

34 tracks and 2 CDs sees a decent return on your investment from the Radio 1 hotshot.There's some decent stuff – Nero, Sebastian, Bombay Bicycle Club, and there's some absolute dog shit – Calvin Harris & the track with Ms Dynamite on. So it's a case of pressing skip every now and again.

VA

Fac.Dance: Factory Records (Strut)

This gem of a compilation has 24 tracks and 2 CDs of 12" mixes and rarities from 1980 to 1987 and will bring a smile to the face of anyone with an interest in electronic music. With familiar names such as The Durutti Column and the more obscure Shark Vegas, this'll make your journey to work slightly more pleasurable.

MEGADETH

Thirteen (Roadrunner)

Stopping in watching the X Factor? Bollocks to that - get out the black PVC gear, tie your Mrs up, and do what the fuck you want to her whilst rocking out to the latest Megadeth album. Result.

THE MISFITS

The Devil's Rain (Megaforce Records)

Punk rock at its very greatest. If you pull a girl in the students union wearing a Misfits T-shirt then it's likely she'll be into those strangling style blow jobs where they spend 5 minutes gagging on your knob before you come down the back of their throat. Happy days.

The GILF HUNTER

Club chats to Ill Nino guitarist and all round good guy, Ahrue Luster…

Where are you from?

I was born in Chicago, I grew up between Las Vegas and Hawaii, and when I was 18 I moved up to San Francisco to play music and I've been there ever since.

Were you a surf dude in Hawaii?

I used to boogie board when I was a kid. The beaches are beautiful. I haven't been there since I was 14 years old but I remember the chicks were hot – even when I was 14. That's around the time I discovered wanking!

Did you ever go fishing there?

Not in Hawaii, but I went fishing in Vegas. I had a Bulgarian friend and he took me fishing when I was 11. They didn't even use fishing reels – they just swirled the bait around in the ocean and just reeled it in with a beer bottle. We caught quite a lot of fish using some kind of meat for bait.

Before you met the Mrs, did you make the most of being in a band with the ladies?

Of course, I abused every single chance I had!

Have you had more than 50 girls?

I would say I'm in my triple digits. In the States, there are times when I've had 3 at once, 5 in a day, 4 in a day, and 2 at once a couple of times.

That's a good track record. What sort of girls do you like?

Just pretty ones. And if I'm in a pinch, they don't have to be that pretty!

How do you like to get wasted?

Vodka. Absolut vodka.

I thought you said Viagra!

Well, Viagra and vodka would be a nice cocktail.

Do you smoke?

No, I've smoked pot a couple of times. My Mum and Dad smoke pot so I guess by not smoking then I'm a rebel. When I turned 16, I called my Dad and said, "I've tried pot." He said, "What do you think?" I said, "I don't really like it that much." He was kind of quiet and then said, "I guess that's kind of ok." And that was that.

What car do you drive?

At the moment, I don't. We tour so much that if I had a car, it would sit there rusting away.

If you could have any car, what would you go for?

Let's see. I would get a classic car from the 70s, maybe a Camaro or a 68 Firebird or something like that.

Do you carry pornography with you when you're on tour.

Yes, I have some on my computer. I keep it in hidden files so that my girlfriend doesn't discover it.

Have you ever been to Mexico?

I've been to Tijuana. It's a city right on the border of San Diego. You can walk for half an hour and you're in Mexico. It's really Americanised and it's not really like being in Mexico, except there's a guy on the street corner who asks you if you want your balls shocked. He puts these clips on your nuts and he shocks you and you're supposed to pay him for that!

Have you ever been in trouble with the police?

The first time I got arrested I was with Mitch from Napalm Death. We grew up together in Vegas and we had gone to a drive in movie. I started thrashing everything in the movie and kicking down the speakers. The security guy came and got me and said, "Do you wanna go to jail?" Like a dip shit I said, "Yeah!" And so he called the police and I went to jail. I guess that's one of the stupidest things I've ever done in my life.

Cheers Ahrue – keep on shaggin'. www.myspace.com/illnino

December **2011**

GIG GUIDE

Get to a gig, pull some fanny, take it home and fuck it...

LEVELLERS
Leicester Academy 16th
Sheffield Academy 17th
Brixton Academy 18th

MANIC STREET PREACHERS
London O2 Arena 17th

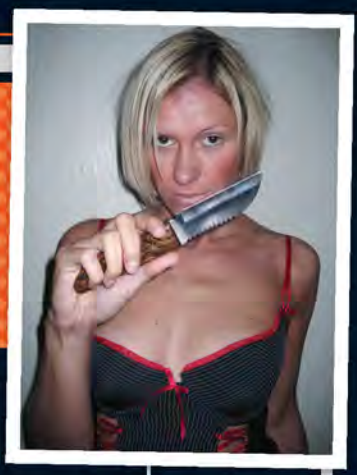
SHED SEVEN
Glasgow Barrowland 2nd
Newcastle Academy 3rd
Liverpool Academy 5th
Cambridge Junction 6th
Sheffield Academy 8th
Manchester Academy 9th & 10th
Nottingham Rock City 11th
Leamington Spa The Assembly 13th
Norwich UEA 14th
Brum Academy 16th
London Shepherd's Bush Empire 17th & 18th
Leeds Academy 20th
York Barbican Centre 22nd

COLDPLAY
Manchester Arena 4th
London O2 Arena 9th

THE COURTEENERS
Manchester Apollo 8th, 9th, & 10th

DURAN DURAN
Glasgow S.E.C.C. 4th
Nottingham Arena 6th
Cardiff Arena 8th
Liverpool Arena 10th
London O2 Arena 12th
Sheffield Arena 14th
Manchester Arena 16th
Newcastle Arena 17th

That's not a knife, this is a knife...



If you go down to the woods today... take a samurai steel knife with you, obviously

Fancy yourself as the next Crocodile Dundee? Think you could survive in the bush alone? Well, you'll be needing the latest and greatest in knives, my friend. Most knives are made from bog standard O1 tool steel, but not the Bushcraft Knight or the Bushcraft Survival made by *www.bushcraftknives.co.uk* in the good north of England. These two bad boys are made from the finest Japanese steel – the same steel that samurai swords were made from – meaning that they are in fact the Rolls Royce of blades. So whether you need to skin a tasty deer or want to sharpen the end of your arrows, you will need a knife with the very best blade – and only the Jap's could ever provide this. Japanese steel is stronger, sexier looking, and longer lasting – making life a lot easier for you. The good news is, despite the fact that samurai steel costs an arm and a leg, *www.bushcraftknives.co.uk* are producing these blades at the same price as standard O1 tool steel knives, meaning that you can live like a warrior on working man's budget. Guns for show, bushcraft knives for a pro.

The Bushcraft Knight retails at £175 and the Bushcraft Survival will set you back £225. ♠

"This steel is stronger, sexier and longer lasting"

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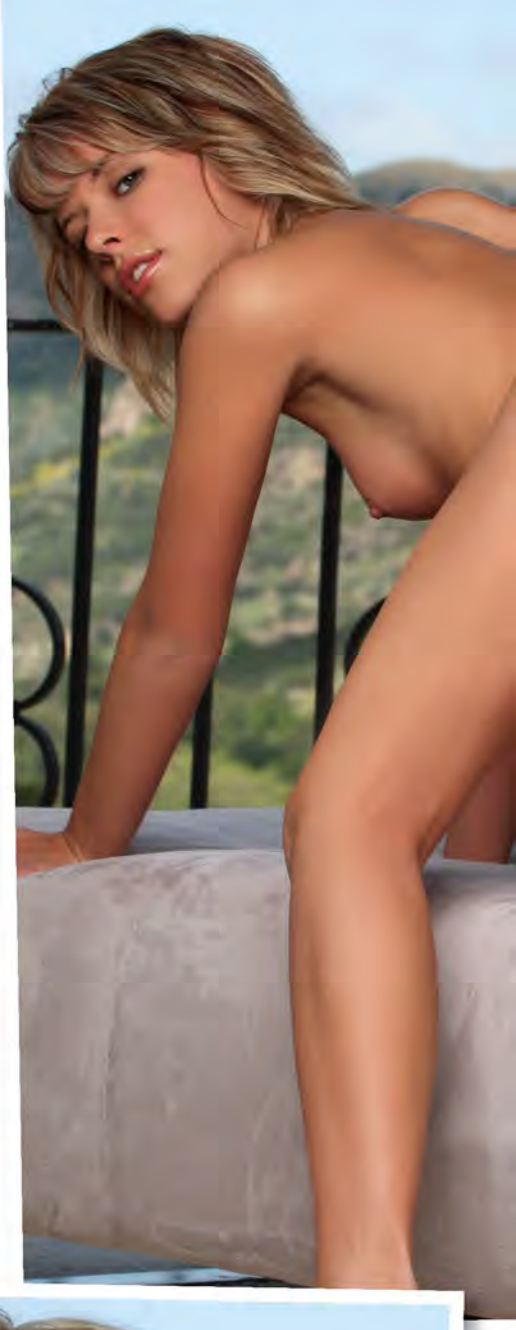
PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...



BOOTY PRIZE!

It was my own fault really; I was the one who'd bet my ass. I hadn't meant it quite so literally at the time but it was too late to argue the point. And besides, looking into my friends' eager faces, I suspected that they wanted it to happen just as much as my new housemate. I looked into his face and found lust, and as he caught me looking, he smiled in cruel amusement at my predicament. I was already naked, having lost round after round of strip poker. Both my friends were topless – the unveiling of Abbey's gorgeous breasts had been the highlight of the evening so far. Even when I'd slid my little G-string off in a most provocative manner, it hadn't had quite the same impact. In fact, Matt had seemed entirely underwhelmed by my nudity, which I'd found rather insulting. Although, to be fair, it's difficult to compete with a girl whose bountiful breasts adorn the posters on the wall of the local barber shop. I'd lost out in more ways than one, but had stayed in the game by agreeing to use my anal virginity as collateral. It had been a misunderstanding but inevitably, after various items of clothes fell away, I lost a round. Now my flatmate was collecting his booty – in the form of my booty.

As the three of them circled around me, I felt helpless and excited – scared but eager to get on with it. A bottle of lube appeared from somewhere and there was a noise from the bottle as Abbey inspected my bum and squeezed a great glob right into my arse crease. I felt it run over my anus, down over my pussy and on down my thigh. It was cold and gave me a shiver as it slid down my sensitive skin. I gasped as Abbey scooped-up the gooey liquid, brought it back up my bum and allowed it to run down over my most private area again. Only this time her fingers traced down with it. Suddenly it all felt very real as my friend touched my forbidden area. Her finger delved down, down between my buttocks, searching, probing and paused on my anus. She circled the crinkled flesh and then pressed the tip in hard. I jumped as I felt it go in, all the way to her knuckle. My sphincter tightened involuntarily and Abbey shrieked with laughter and tugged her finger back out.

"Fuckin' hell, Nic, come and look at this," and to my shame I felt my pussy throb as one of my friends demonstrated popping her finger deep into my arse to the other.

"Can I have a go?" Nic asked. And she asked Abbey, not me! So both of them were now fingering my bum. This was supposed to be a punishment for losing at cards. It didn't feel like a punishment to me; it felt like a little bit of heaven and I positively ached to rub my clitoris. Surely they'd notice my state of arousal? Maybe my juiciness had been disguised by the lubrication dribbling down my crotch and thighs. "I'm going to be buggered," I thought to myself excitedly as my friends fingered my arse. I'd often thought about it, fantasised about it but now...

"Oh my fucking God!" Abbey cried out. "Will you look at the size of that?" Both girls squealed with fits of laughter. Abbey patted my bum and said, "Good luck with that one, babes!" I peered back and saw Matt's cock for the first time. It had reared-up against his toned belly and

> **“As the greasy head pressed against my slippery anus, something penetrated me”**

it looked enormous. I was instantly filled with a sense of disappointment. As the girls giggled, playing with Matt’s cock and balls, I felt despondent, sure it would never go up my tiny bumhole.

In fact, I was wrong about that; it might have felt like a rolling-pin as it settled between my buttocks but as the greasy head pressed eagerly against my slippery anus, something seemed to penetrate straight away. Perhaps the girls had loosened me more than they knew. There was an aching discomfort which intensified as Matt applied more pressure. Surely that was good? I was confident that the discomfort must be my muscles stretching to allow him in. My anal dilation seemed to go on and on. At this rate, my arse was going to look like the Channel Tunnel. Suddenly, there was a different kind of movement – not just stretching but slipping, forward movement: cock slipping into me. I could feel it. It was in me, inside my bum.

“Well, will you look at that?” Abbey whispered disbelievingly as I felt the shaft of Matt’s cock slide easily through my defeated sphincter. The giggling had stopped and I turned to see Abbey’s mouth gaping as she stared down at my arse, one hand squeezing a heavy boob whilst the other had pushed her panties aside and slipped into the groove of her pussy. My friend was masturbating in front of me, watching me get arse-fucked. I felt utter relief as though permission had been given for me to touch myself and my fingers were diddling away in an instant, frantically working towards an orgasm as I found myself in the dirtiest position of my life. Seconds later, it got much dirtier.

Nic sat in front of me and scooted on her bum until her crotch was directly below me. I’ve imagined all sorts of rude situations but being presented with a bare pussy to lick whilst being buggered was off the top of the scale. I heard a disgusted (or jealous?) gasp from Abbey as I lowered my mouth down onto Nic’s pussy. Nic whimpered as I ran my tongue up between her labia and her body jerked as I swirled it round her clitoris. This was going to be fun.

Even as my reaming got faster and more intense, I found myself focusing on the soft female flesh in my mouth. This was my friend and I wanted to do it right for her. I quickly thought through what I liked when someone licked my pussy and tried a couple of my favourite moves out. The response was amazing as Nic’s hips bucked and bounced to my every touch. She must have been so sensitive but she was telling me everything I needed to know about what she wanted.

I dialled back the intensity of my oral work and softly ran my tongue around her flesh, avoiding her clit completely. Nic let out a soft sigh and I felt her body relax. I explored her slowly and deliberately, probing gently. She started groaning and pushing herself against my mouth. I followed her rhythm, aware of something building, a different kind of tension. I knew what I was doing to her, how I

“My friend was masturbating in front of me, watching me get arse-fucked”

was making her feel and my arousal levels jumped-up a notch or two. Soon I had her balancing right on the very edge of an orgasm. I gave her clit a quick flick and that was enough to send her over the edge. My friend’s body was consumed by wild jerking again, although it was more rhythmic, following her orgasmic spasms. Our eyes met as her pleasure subsided and it seemed so strange and yet so natural to have given her oral sex and an orgasm after all these years. “Obviously our friendship will never be the same again,” I thought to myself, hoping that it’d be even better if we could add a bit of sexual intimacy.

At this moment, Matt pulled out and I felt his hot juices spray over my bum. I thought it was signalling the end of our fun and I was ready to bring myself off. Then surprisingly, I felt fingers on my hips and a mouth licking me: Abbey. She was licking the spunk off my skin … only she didn’t stop even after it must have all gone. Again and again I felt her tongue run down the cleft of my arse, and then it was on my pussy and staying there. Surely it didn’t need that much cleaning but then I realised what she was really doing as she concentrated on my burning clit. I was desperate to cum and the idea that gorgeous poster-girl Abbey was going to do it with her mouth was thrilling. I tried to relax and make the best of this startling experience. She wasn’t good; she was much too eager – it was all too fast and too hard but it still felt amazing as her tongue whirled inside my sex. Abbey began hammering her tongue on my clit, obviously trying to make me cum. She soon made it impossible to resist and I was more than happy to oblige. My head swam in perfect ecstasy as my orgasm fired, rewarding me for the rudest, most daring sex of my life. I could see stars as I lay back, feeling happy, trying to catch my breath.

Matt thought that this was a normal night in for us girls and we weren’t about to disabuse him of the idea. We’d agreed to work as a team, gambling that we’d get to see his wares before he saw ours in the card game. That team ethic seemed to be equally valid as we gathered together, all three of us now entirely naked, and assured him that most nights with us ended-up this way.

“Obviously, you can’t take my anal virginity again,” I said “but there are a couple of other opportunities.” I added and grabbed a

significant handful of Nic and Abbey's arses. They both looked at me with their eyes wide and eyebrows raised. Nic's cheeks flushed and her dimples showed as the hint of a suppressed smile played across her lips. As her eyes sparkled, I knew she was up for it. (I found out later that this response was because she's far from an anal virgin, the mucky cow! She was just remembering her own anal initiation.)

"Now hang on a minute," Abbey began, "I can't go buggering about like that. What about my modelling? I'm going to get a few complaints if I turn-up with a rosy-red ringpiece…"

"Fucking hell! What kind of modelling do you do?" Matt asked.

"Well, I sometimes do 'extras'," Abbey said with a smirk. She struck a pose with her bare arse and tits sticking out, "After all, it'd be a shame to let all this go to waste!" Looking at her fabulous body, it was hard to argue with that. In fact, if she'd let me, there were a few 'extras' I'd like to do to her myself.

Rose, Manchester

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?

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PHOTOS: STEVE COLBY

SHORT CUTS!

Monika doesn't realise it's winter...

We like a girl in shorts. We're not sure Monika should be going out into the cold winter air in this pair, but in terms of letting us know what she's packing – a tight arse and pussy, or we don't know what we're doing – they're perfect.

We just can't decide if a skirt or dress is better, what with the easy access. And then there's the pair of tight jeans, perhaps paired with boots or heels – that never fails. There's only one thing about which we're truly certain, and that's that we're not down with culottes. No sirree bob. ♣

MONIKA

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

The War on Tera!

To Indonesia, a strict Muslim country that is coming to terms with its troubled recent political past by kicking off against porn. Yeah, that'll sort your problems out. It seems that porn legend Tera Patrick filmed a mucky movie in the picturesque country, but without gaining the necessary permissions. Well, why would you ask when you know they're going to say no? It's part of a wider campaign to ban porn from websites and stop people making it within Indonesia. Tifatul Sembiring, the happy-go-lucky Indonesian Communications and Information Technology Minister, quipped that Patrick, "Personifies the resistance to morality." If that's true, long may she resist.

The In-gland Revenue!

We Brits like to mock the Germans as cold and efficient, but it seems they have a more enlightened attitude to prostitution than us. While we drive it underground so that the women are exploited by pimps, the Germans are trying to regulate it, and their latest wheeze is to clamp down on tax avoidance by ladies of the night. In Bonn, formerly the capital of West Germany, kerb-side parking meter-type machines have been installed, for prossies to pay their tax directly into. Isabelle Klotz, a city spokesperson, commented that they expected to raise €200,000 per year. That's a lot of reach-arounds.

At least she's still got her dignity.

Stud-U-Like!

What man hasn't dreamt of a life as a gigolo? A call comes in, you meet a lovely lady in a swish restaurant. She wines and dines you and, perhaps, asks you to accompany her to a hotel. You give her what for and leave, guilt free, with a wad of cash. Yep, there's a reason they don't advertise this in the job centre. In Fuengirola, Spain, six con artists have been arrested for exploiting the allure of this job, by tricking men with a fraudulent gigolo service. Over 180 men paid a total of £44,000 in join-up fees, all told they'd meet women via online agencies. But no work was forthcoming for any of them, and the companies were revealed to be hoaxes. Gutted.

Oh man, this film looks sweet/rubbish.

Hong Kong Smooey!

Airline Cathay Pacific have a reputation for excellent onboard service. And how better to celebrate and promote that than a new campaign and the slogan 'Meet the team that goes the extra mile'? Well, the campaign is now on hold after photographs were printed in the Hong Kong media of two members of staff – rumoured to be a flight attendant and a pilot – in a compromising position. Or positions. Joining the mile high club is one thing – but in the cockpit? Pity the poor passengers trying to get a bag of nuts and a blanket. ♣

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Danielle shaves and misbehaves!

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Malena's 'mazing muff 'n' minge!

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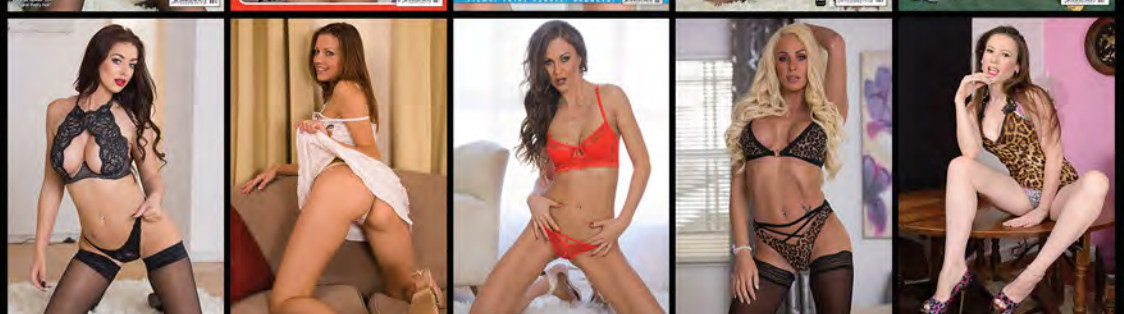

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